

NO.3

\$1.25

ANDROMEDA



ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S
EXILE of the AEONS



So this is *ANDROMEDA THREE*.

It is difficult to know what to say when the editorial page opens its gaping maw each issue. Does one discuss matters of the day? Review the publication's goals and intents? Address criticisms and complaints? Fill space?

With this issue, however, there is little problem. The fact is that we have now successfully completed our first year of publication. I think that is important. Granted, we've only four books to show for it, but that isn't the point.

The energy and enthusiasm of our artists and writers (and readers for that matter) hasn't waned in that time. Quite the opposite. And the result is in your favour. We are now able to release our books with greater frequency and to higher standards.

We're lucky. Everyone who works on *ANDROMEDA* cares about it as much as you do. Special thanks to JERRY SNAPE, KEN STEACY, the SCOTT MEREDITH AGENCY, the boys at AMMO, and MIKE FRIEDRICH.

WIREFLY L. WIREMIRE by Tom Nesbitt. . . . 2
In a typical fit of whimsy Tom decided to create yet another universe in which he could malign, abuse, befoul or even destroy whomever or whatever he wished. However, we only gave him one page, so that he couldn't do too much of it. He has threatened us with "future episodes," but we don't scare easily. He couldn't possibly come up with any more.

EXILE OF THE AEONS by Arthur C. Clarke, adapted by b. p. nichol, illustrated by Paul Rivoche. . . . 3

When an artist takes a year to illustrate a story, you cross your fingers and hope that it turns out to be a worthwhile project. Paul didn't let us down. In fact, he has given us possibly one of the most exciting and pro-

vocative stories the comic book medium has yet seen.

Arthur C. Clarke needs no introduction from me. Suffice it to say that he is one of the most important writers of the century (science fiction or otherwise) and we are honored to be able to present this story.

HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE by Don Marshall 29

Don, who did last issue's front cover and this issue's back, treats us to this tale of life, love and death among the cosmos. Don's forte is the interplay between the humorous and the dramatic. He delivers the goods in his characteristically proficient manner.

Dean Motter

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 3 September 1978. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics, Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1978 Paul Rivoche. Frontispiece © 1978 Robert MacIntyre. Wirefly L. Wiremire © 1978 Tom Nesbitt. Exile of the Aeons © 1978 Arthur C. Clarke, reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agents, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., 845 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, illustration © 1978 Paul Rivoche. Here's Mud in Yer Eye and Back Cover © 1978 Don Marshall. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

Cover by Paul Rivoche
Frontispiece by Robert MacIntyre

Contents Page by Paul Rivoche
Back Cover by Don Marshall



ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE ASTRO-SKIDS SERIES PRESENTING WIRELY L. WIREMIRE

ON A LONELY, SECLUDED BIT OF COSMIC DEBRIS, SOMEWHERE IN THE ASTEROID BELT BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, SNUGLY RESTS A SOLITARY SPACE STATION. THE MASSIVE COMPUTER-RUN OUTPOST IS INHABITED BY A CREW OF THREE: ONE HUMAN, ONE ROBOT, AND ONE SORT OF SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN, THE FIRST KNOWN AS WIRELY L. WIREMIRE, IS THE TECHNICIAN AND REPAIRMAN. (THOUGH THE ENTIRE COMPLEX IS DESIGNED TO REPAIR



ITSELF AUTOMATICALLY). THE SECOND, KNOWN SIMPLY AS 'T.V.' IS A COMMUNICATIONS ANDROID WHOSE SOLE FUNCTION IS TO FOLLOW AND TRANSMIT. THE THIRD MEMBER, PROF. QUASAR, IS THE VICTIM OF A TERRIBLE PUDOZON REACTOR BLAST, LEAVING ONLY HIS HEAD AND SPINAL COLUMN INTACT. THE GOOD DOCTOR IS DESTINED TO SPEND HIS REMAINING YEARS ENCASED IN A MAN MADE 'BODY BASKET' OF WIRELY'S DESIGN. THE PROFESSOR, HIS VOCAL CORDS OBLITERATED BY THE BLAST, COMMUNICATES THROUGH A SMALL TICKER-TAPE DEVICE IN HIS NECK, (NOT YET PERFECTED) DESPITE THE FACT THAT ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE IS PARALYZED, THE DOCTOR ENJOYS A GOOD DEAL OF MOBILITY. EACH NIGHT WIRELY DISCONNECTS THE DOCTOR AND PLACES HIS HEAD AND SPINAL COLUMN IN THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED 'SLUMBER JAR'.



WELL I'VE HAD IT! YA HEAR ME YA MUFFINHEAD? I'VE HAD IT! I'LL SHOW YA WHAT YA CAN DO WITH THE WHOLE DAMN THING!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS WIREMIRE...



Already the mountains were trembling with the thunder that only Man can make. But here the war seemed very far away, for the full moon hung over the Himalayas and the blinding furies of the battle were still hidden below the edge of the world. Not for long would they remain. The Master knew that the last remnants of his fleet were being hurled from the sky as the circle of death closed swiftly on his stronghold.

EXILE OF THE AEONS



By Arthur C. Clarke
Adaptation by b. p. nichol
Illustrated by Paul Rivoche
Typography by George Olshevsky

Far to the south, a mountain was suddenly edged with violet flame.



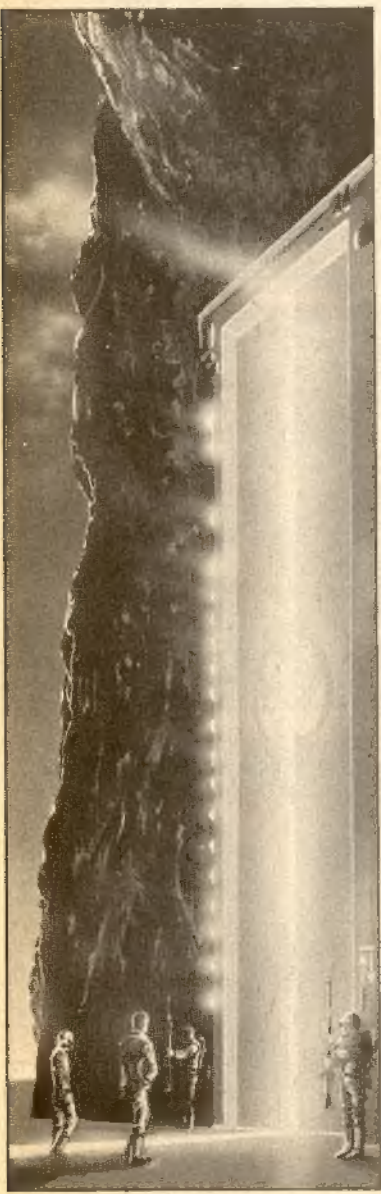
Ages later, the balcony on which the Master stood shuddered beneath the impact of the ground wave racing through the rocks below.

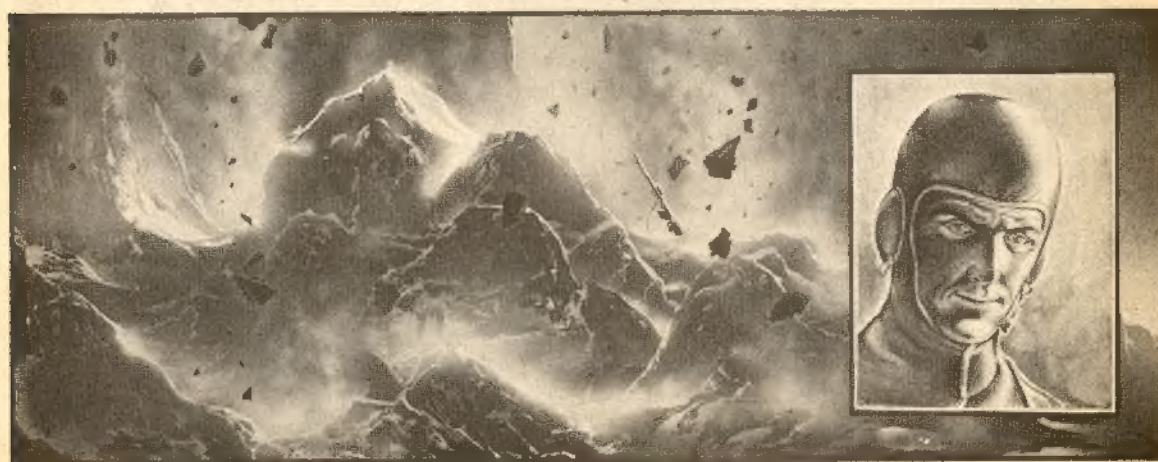
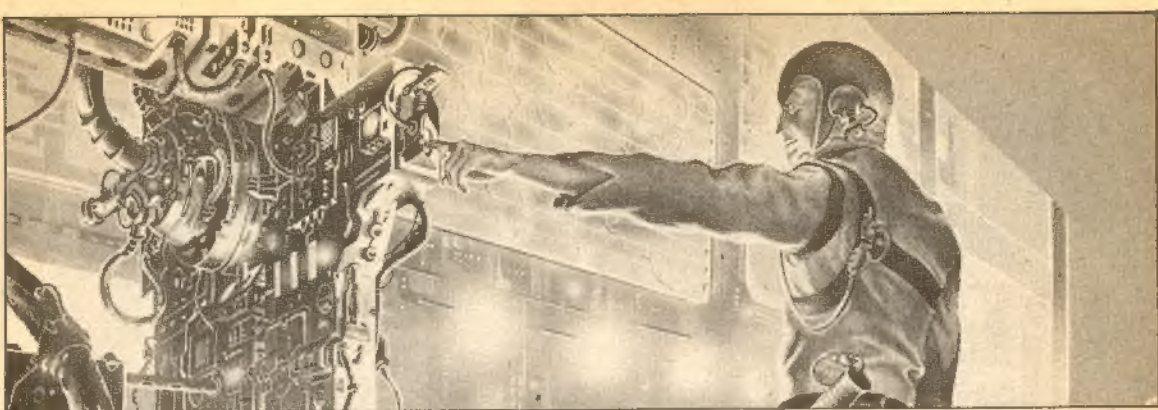


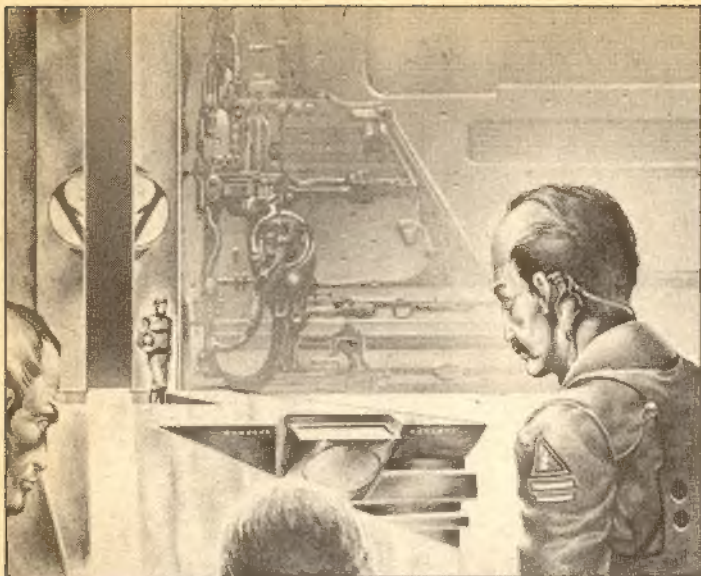
In a few hours at most, the Master and his dreams of empire would have vanished into the past. Nations would still curse his name, but they would no longer fear it. Later, even the hatred would be gone and he would mean no more to the world than Hitler or Napoleon or Genghis Khan. Like them, he would be a blurred figure far down the infinite corridor of time, dwindling toward oblivion.

Later still, the air brought the echo to a mammoth concussion.









This, gentlemen, is the last of all our meetings. Somewhere above our heads the fleet we built with such pride and care is fighting to the end. In a few minutes, not one of all those thousands of machines will be left in the sky.



I know that for all of us here surrender is unthinkable, even if it were possible, so in this room you will shortly have to die. Yet I do not wish you to think that we have wholly failed. In the past, as you saw many times, my plans were always ready for anything that might arise, no matter how improbable.

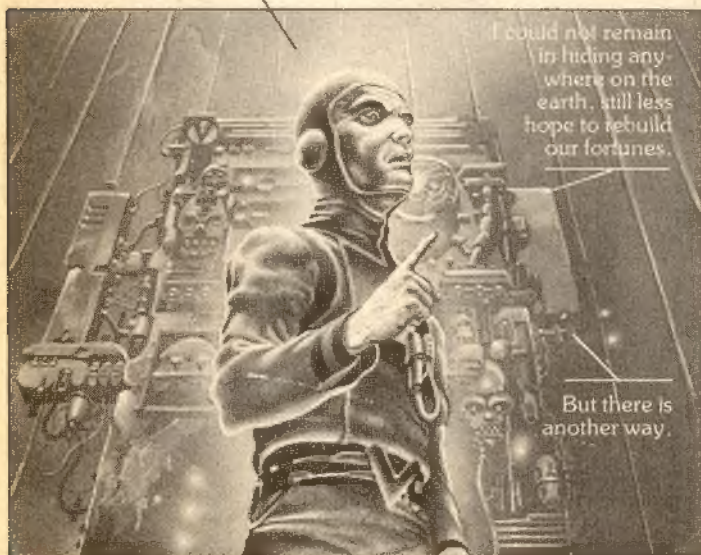


Two years ago, when we lost the battle of Antarctica, I made my preparations for this day. The enemy has already sworn to kill me.

My secret is safe enough with you, for the enemy will never find this place. The entrance is already blocked by many hundreds of feet of rock.



I could not remain in hiding anywhere on the earth, still less hope to rebuild our fortunes.

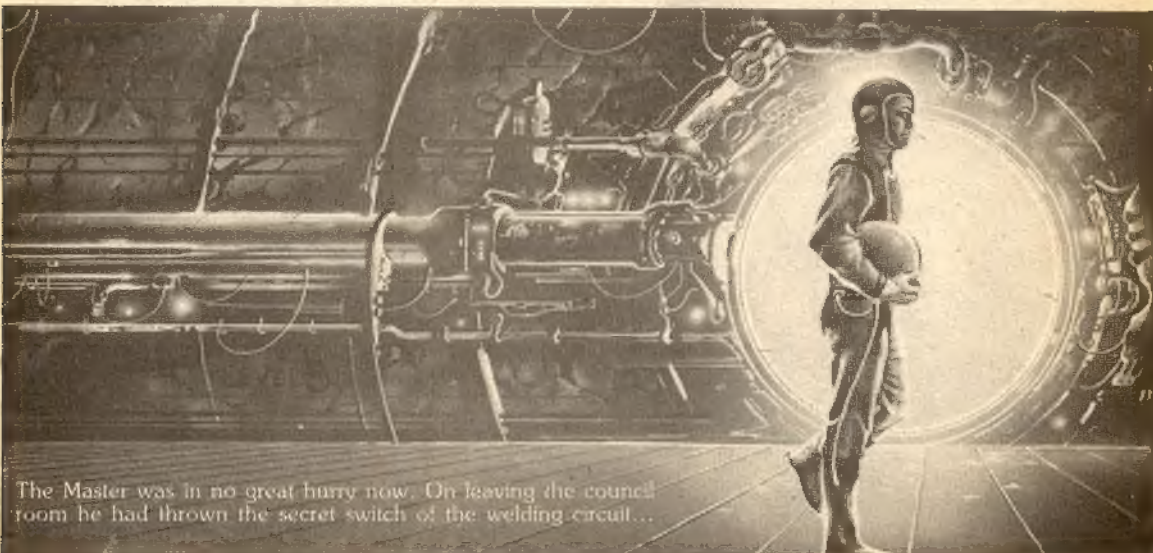


But there is another way.

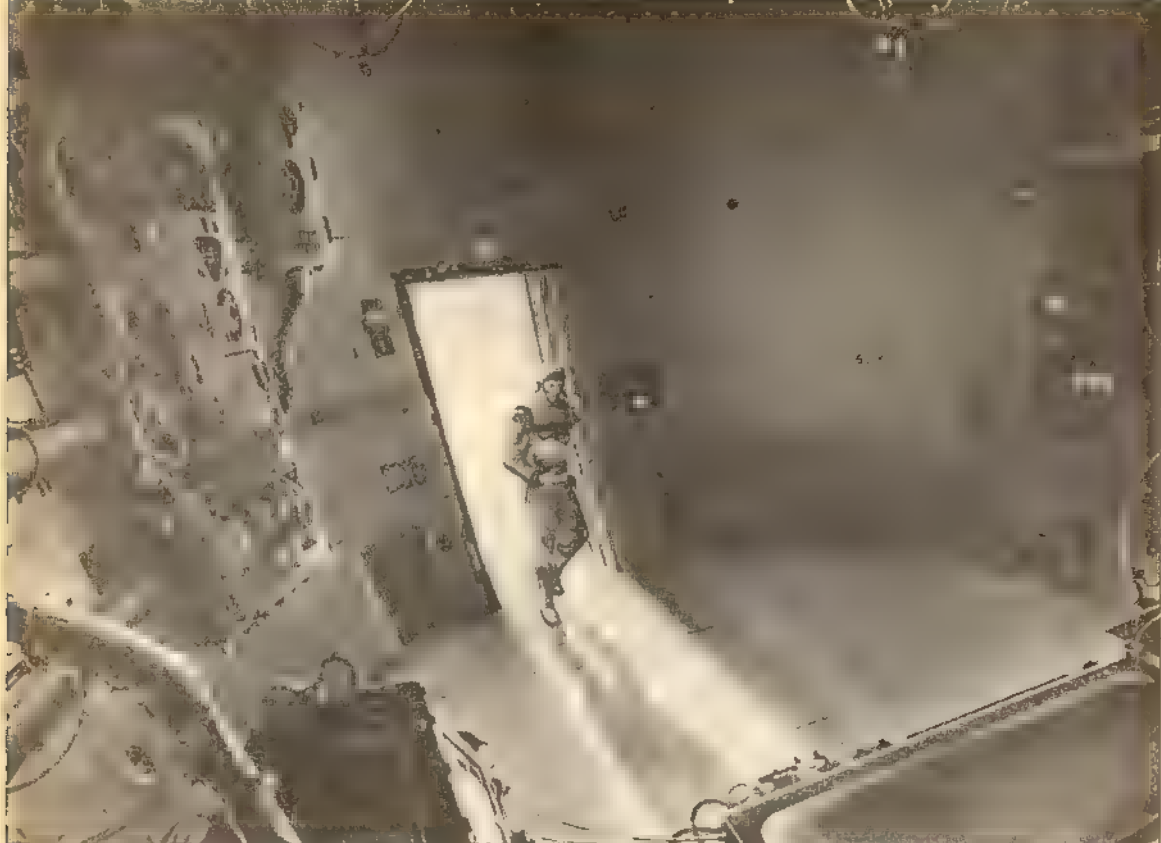
Five years ago, one of our scientists perfected the technique of suspended animation. I am going to use this discovery to escape from the present into a future which will have forgotten me. There I can begin the struggle again, with the help of certain devices that might yet have won this war had we been granted more time.

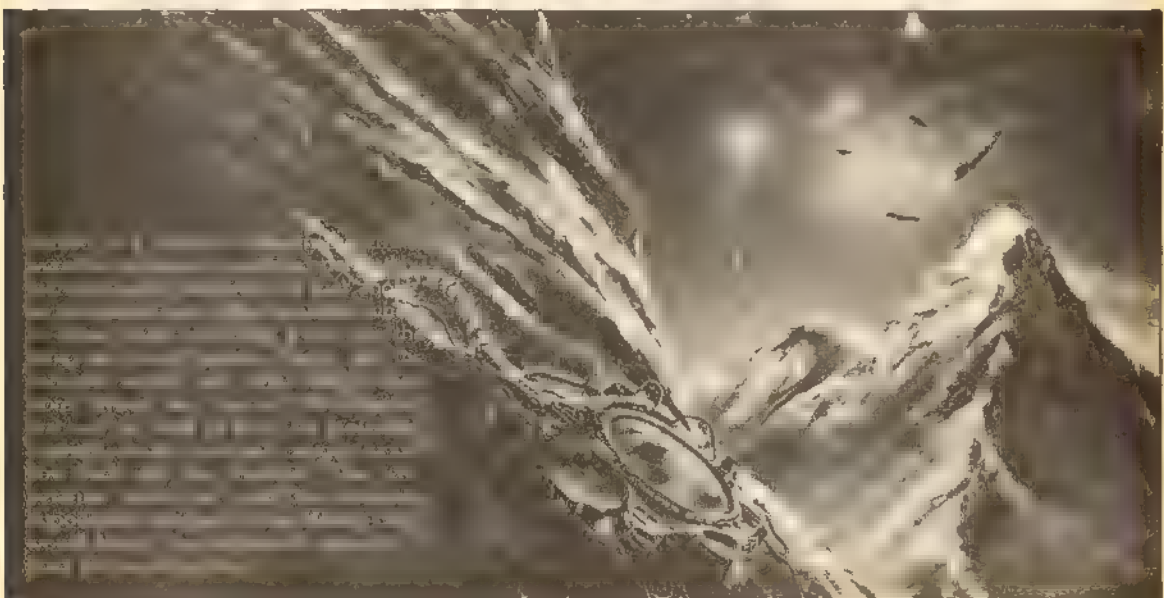
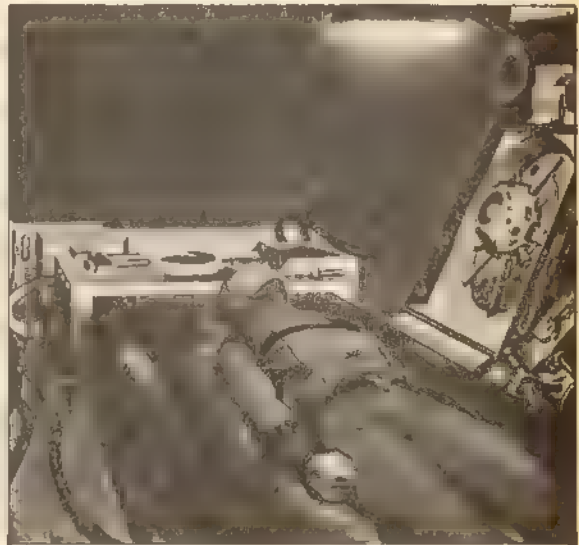
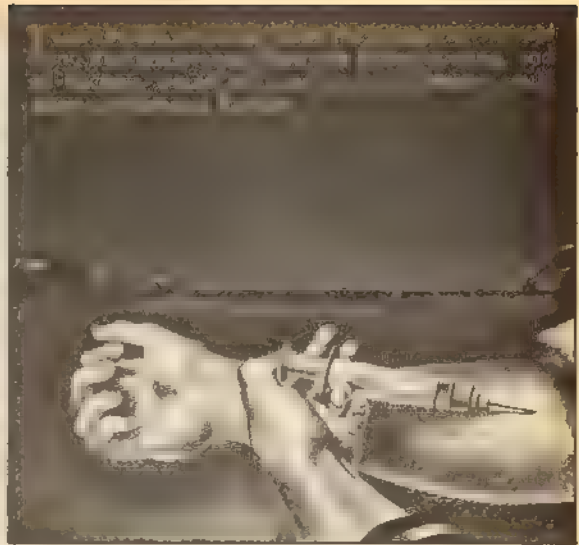


Good-bye, gentlemen. And once again, my thanks for your help and my regrets at your ill fortune

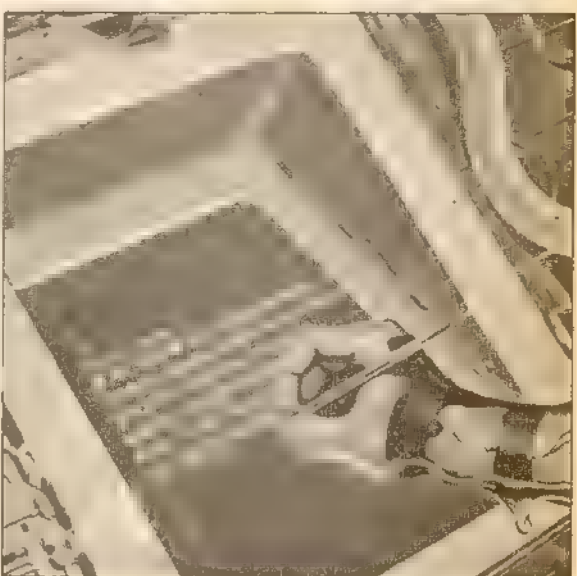
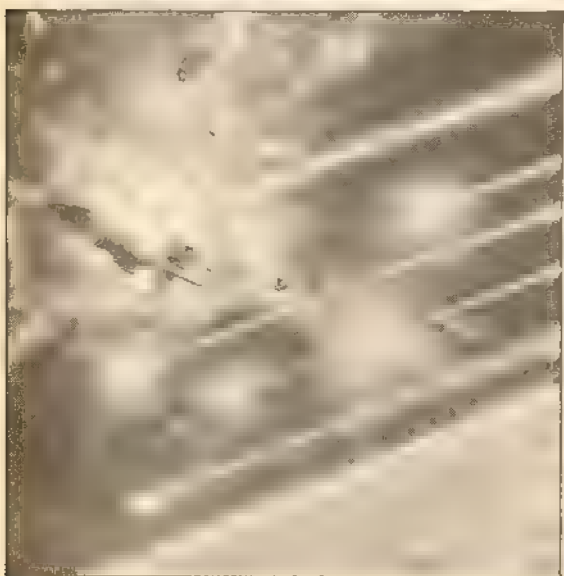
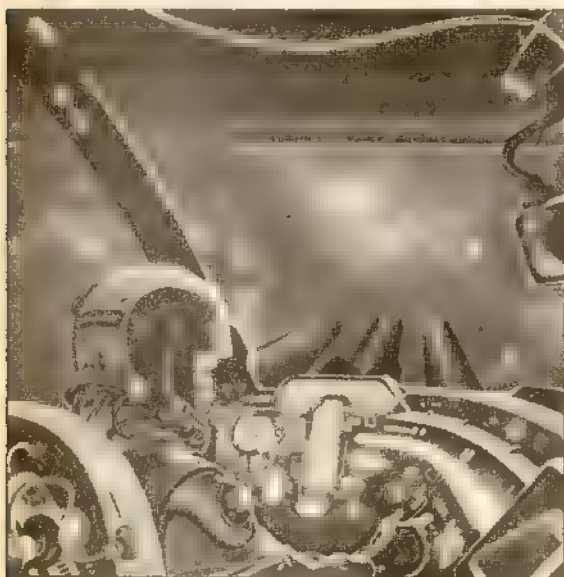
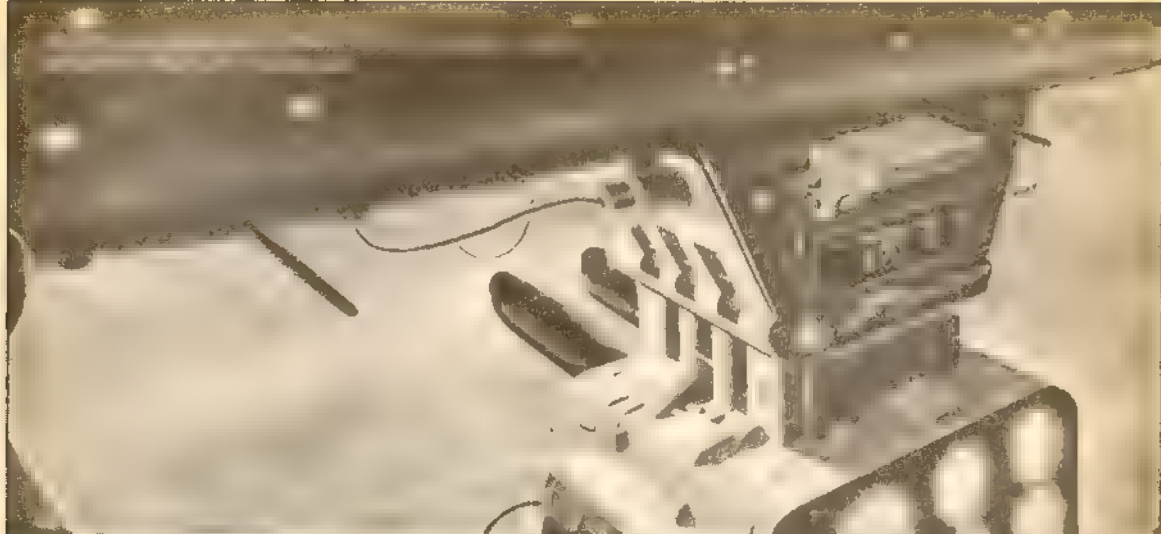


The Master was in no great hurry now. On leaving the council room he had thrown the secret switch of the welding circuit...











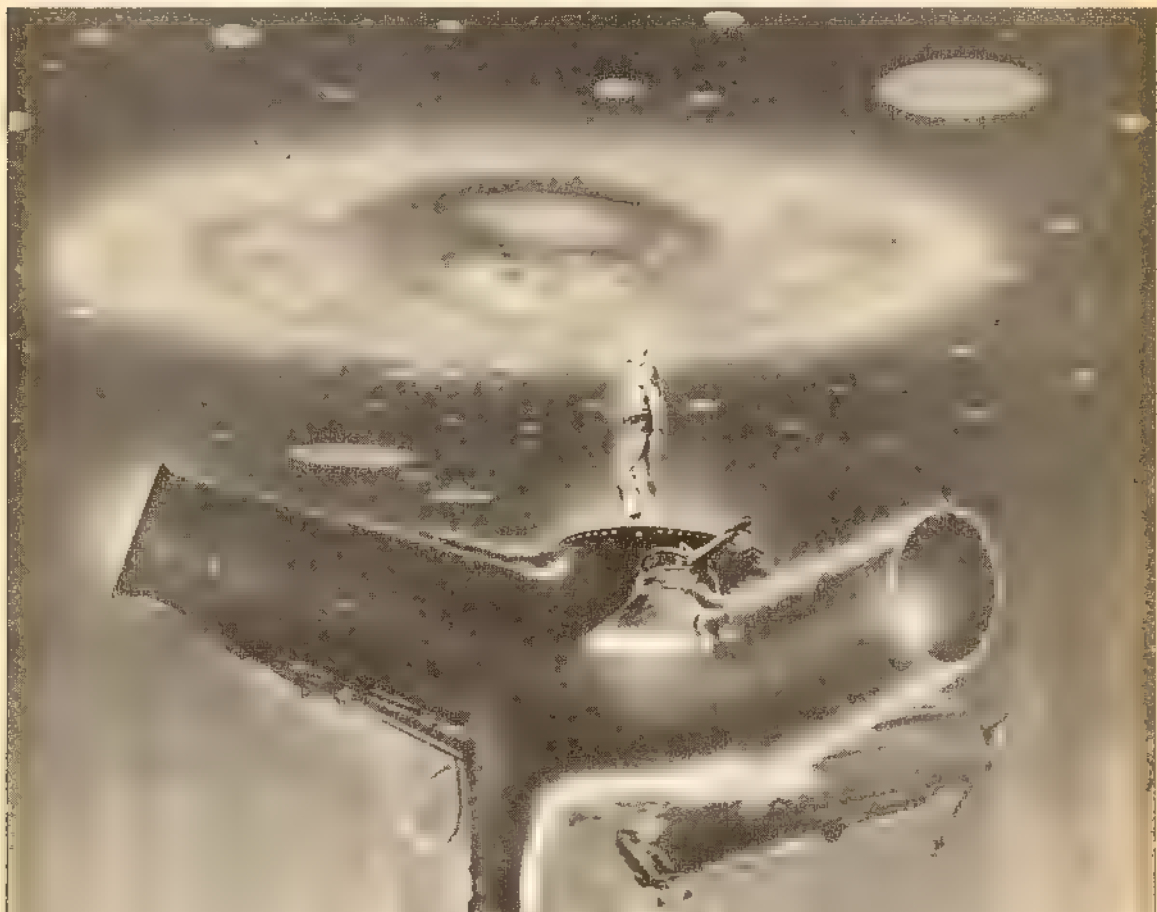
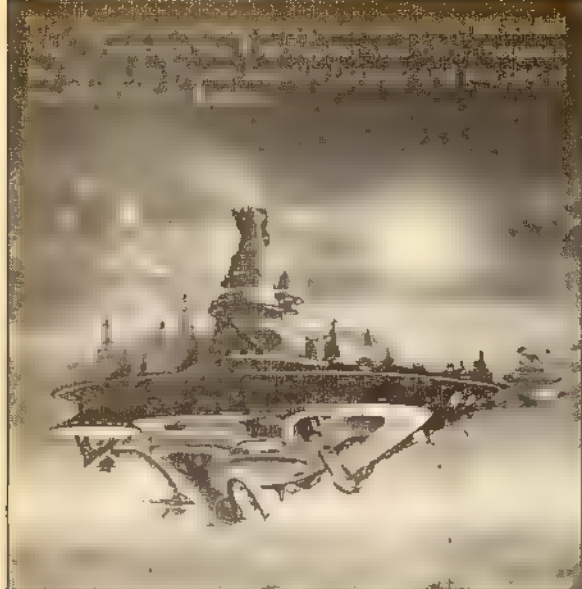


Slowly, patiently, the silt drifted down through the towering ocean heights onto the wreck of the Himalayas.

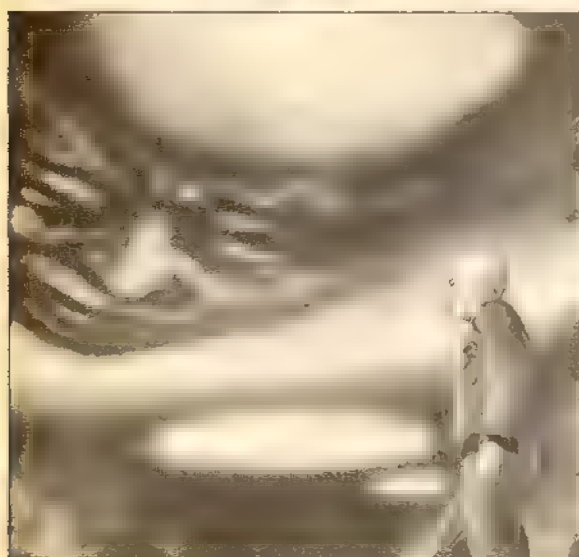
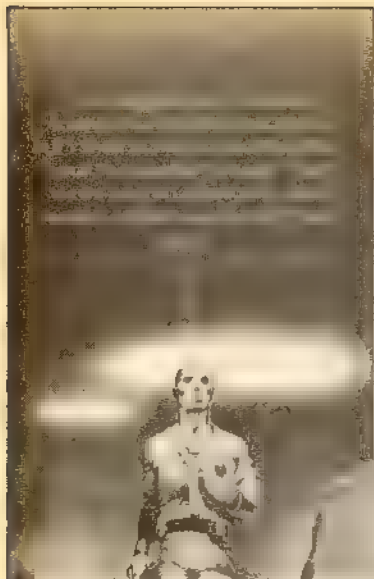
The blanket that would one day be chalk began to thicken at the rate of an inch or two every century.

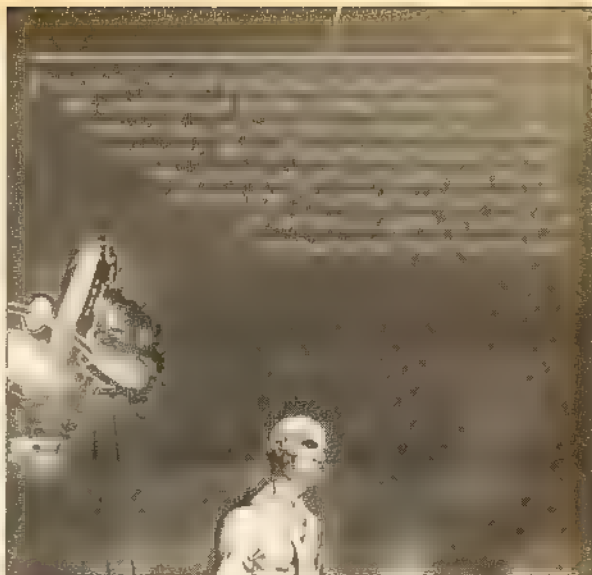
Now the rain and the rivers were washing away the chalk and carrying it out to the strange new oceans, and the surface was moving down toward the hidden tomb.

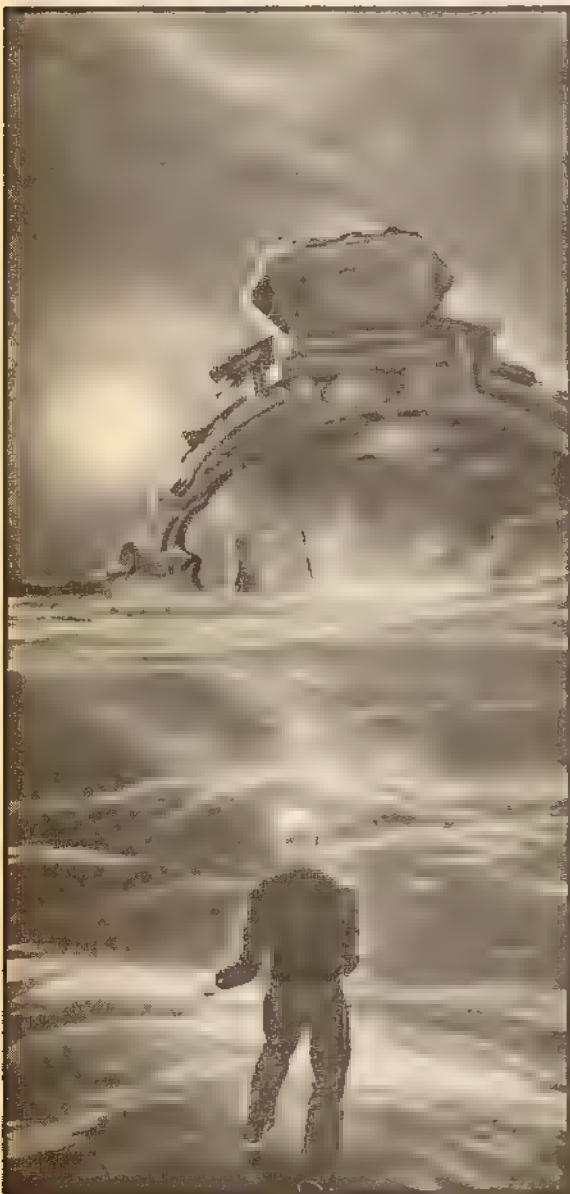
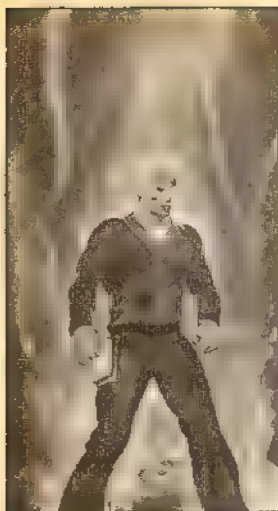
Very early in that morning new and strange things were happening to the world: the sun was rising and the water was rising. But still the children of Adam raved at its seas and skies.



I have brought Erevnor to earth
 when his brief clash with the Empire
 has come to its inevitable end. Here
 he was treacherous, the man whose deeds
 he had challenged, for here it was
 that the protracted long over the
 manner of his necessary fate







TO TREVINDOR,
THE GREETINGS OF THE COUNCIL
THIS BUILDING, WHICH WE HAVE SENT
AFTER YOU THROUGH THE TIME FIELD,
WILL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEEDS FOR AN
INDEFINITE PERIOD.

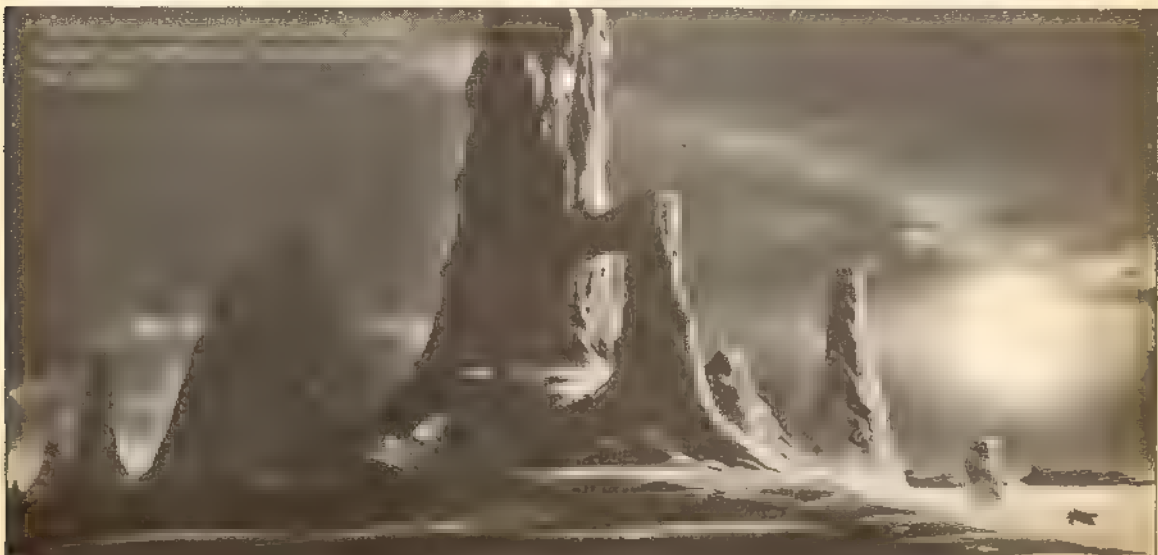
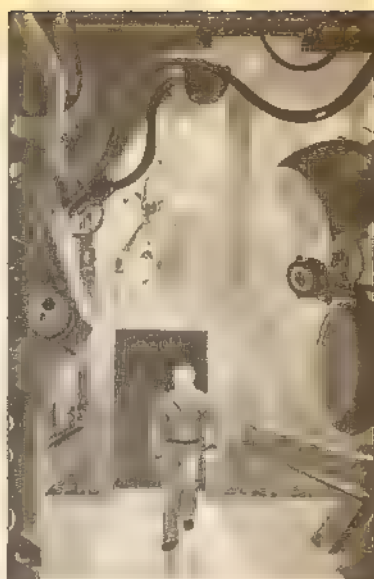
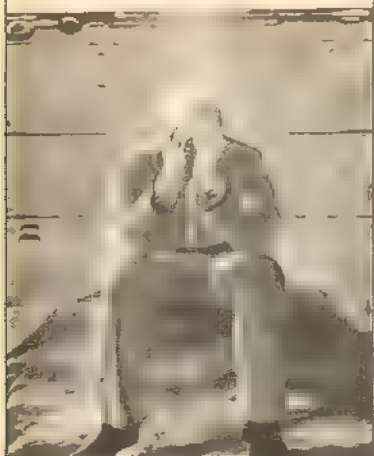
WE DO NOT KNOW IF CIVILIZATION
WILL STILL EXIST IN THE AGE IN
WHICH YOU FIND YOURSELF. MAN MAY
NOW BE EXTINCT, SINCE THE CHROMO
SOME K STAR K WILL HAVE BECOME
DOMINANT AND THE RACE MAY HAVE
MUTATED INTO SOMETHING NO LONGER
HUMAN. THAT IS FOR YOU TO DISCOVER.

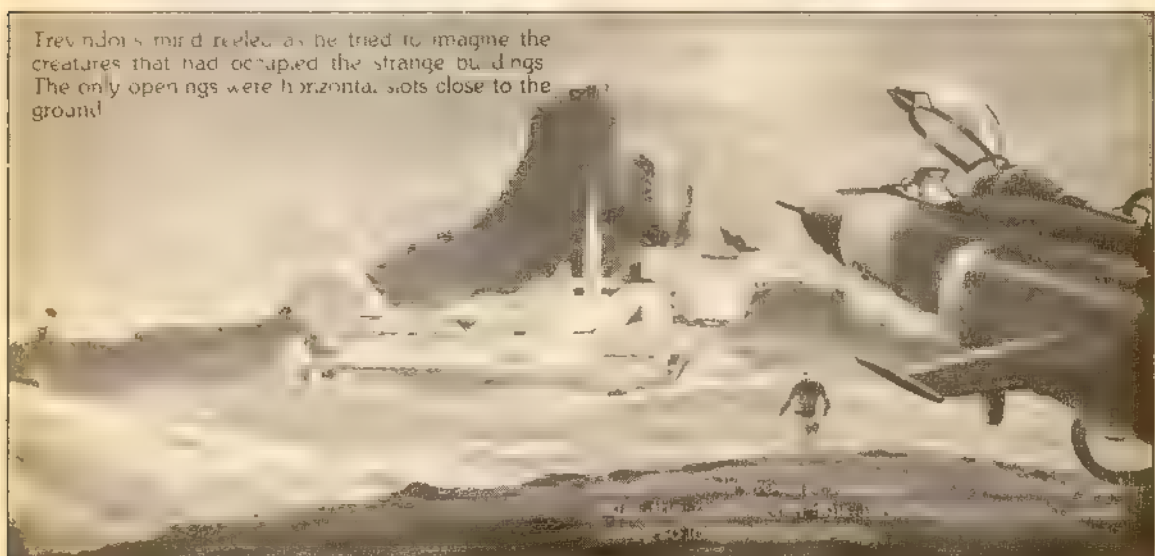
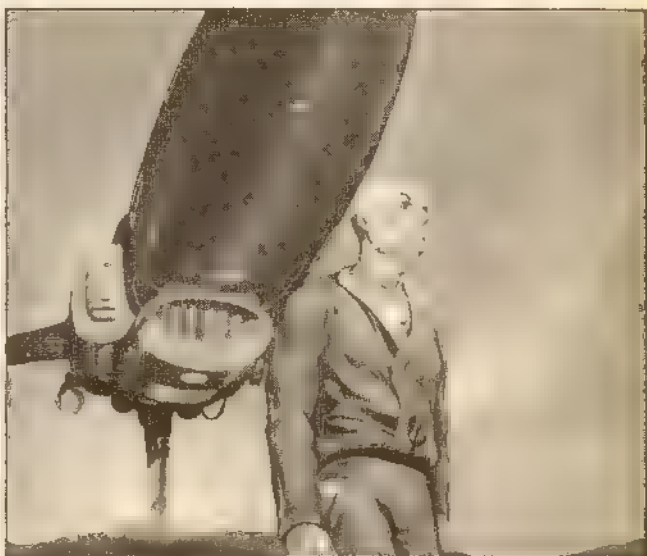
YOU ARE NOW IN THE TWILIGHT OF
THE EARTH AND IT IS OUR HOPE THAT
YOU ARE NOT ALONE. BUT IF IT IS
YOUR DESTINY TO BE THE LAST LIVING
CREATURE ON THIS ONCE LOVELY
WORLD, REMEMBER THAT THE CHOICE
WAS YOURS.

FAREWELL.

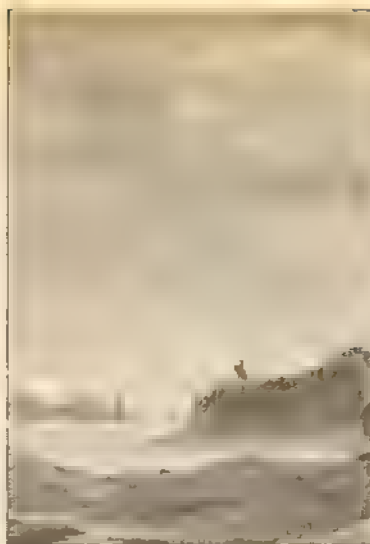


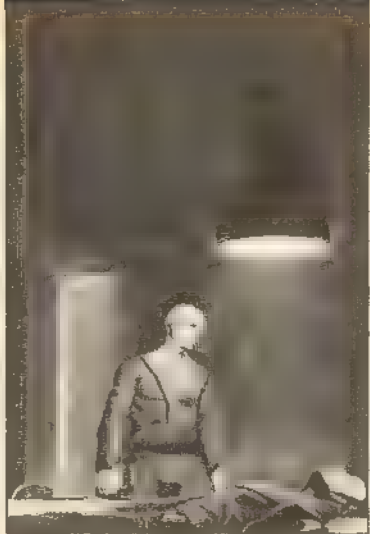
FAREWELL





Once he actually discovered
life





Fear and caution were creeping back into the Master's mind. What manner of creature was this that could read his thoughts - and what was it doing in his secret sphere?

'Once more I tell you that you have nothing to fear. Why are you alarmed because I can see into your mind? Surely there is nothing strange in that?'

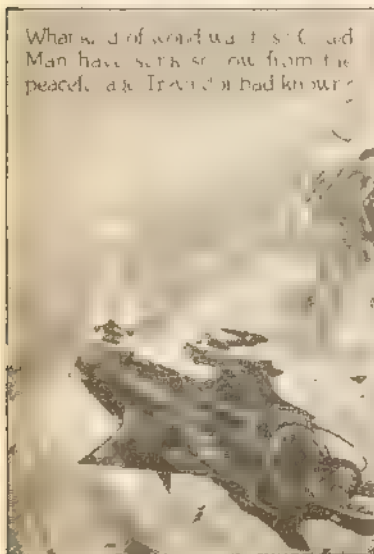
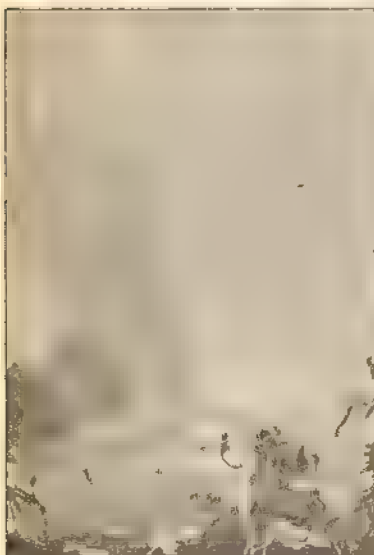
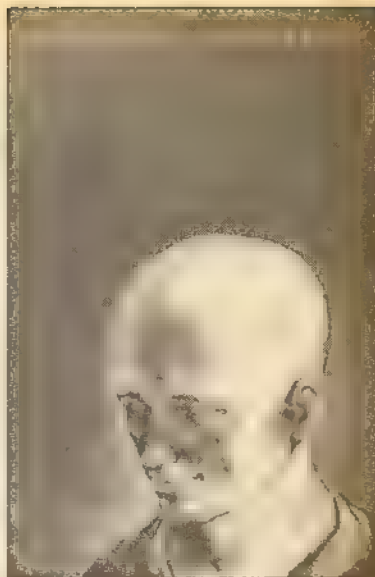
'Nothing strange' cried the Master. 'Who are you - what are you for God's sake?'

A man like yourself. Your race must be primitive indeed if the reading of thoughts is foreign to you.

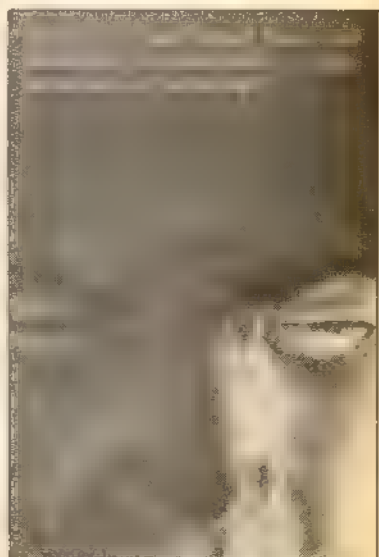
A terrible suspicion began to dawn in the Master's brain.

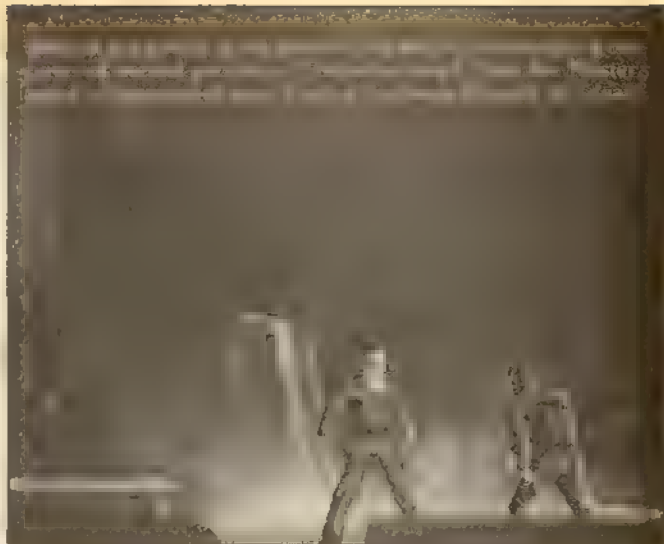
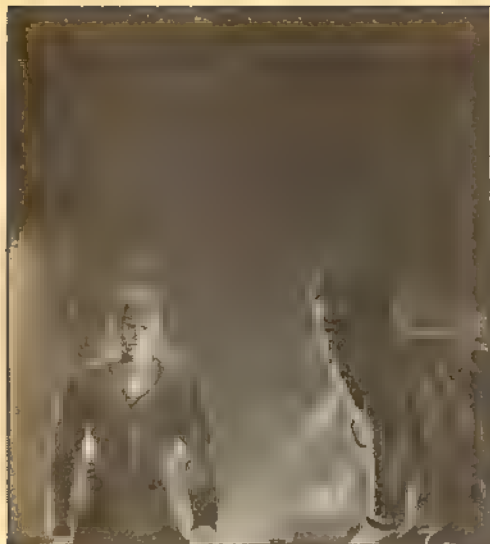
You have slept infinitely longer than a hundred years. The world you knew has ceased to be for longer than you can imagine.

The Master heard no more. Once again he sank down into unconsciousness.











Here's mud in yer eye!

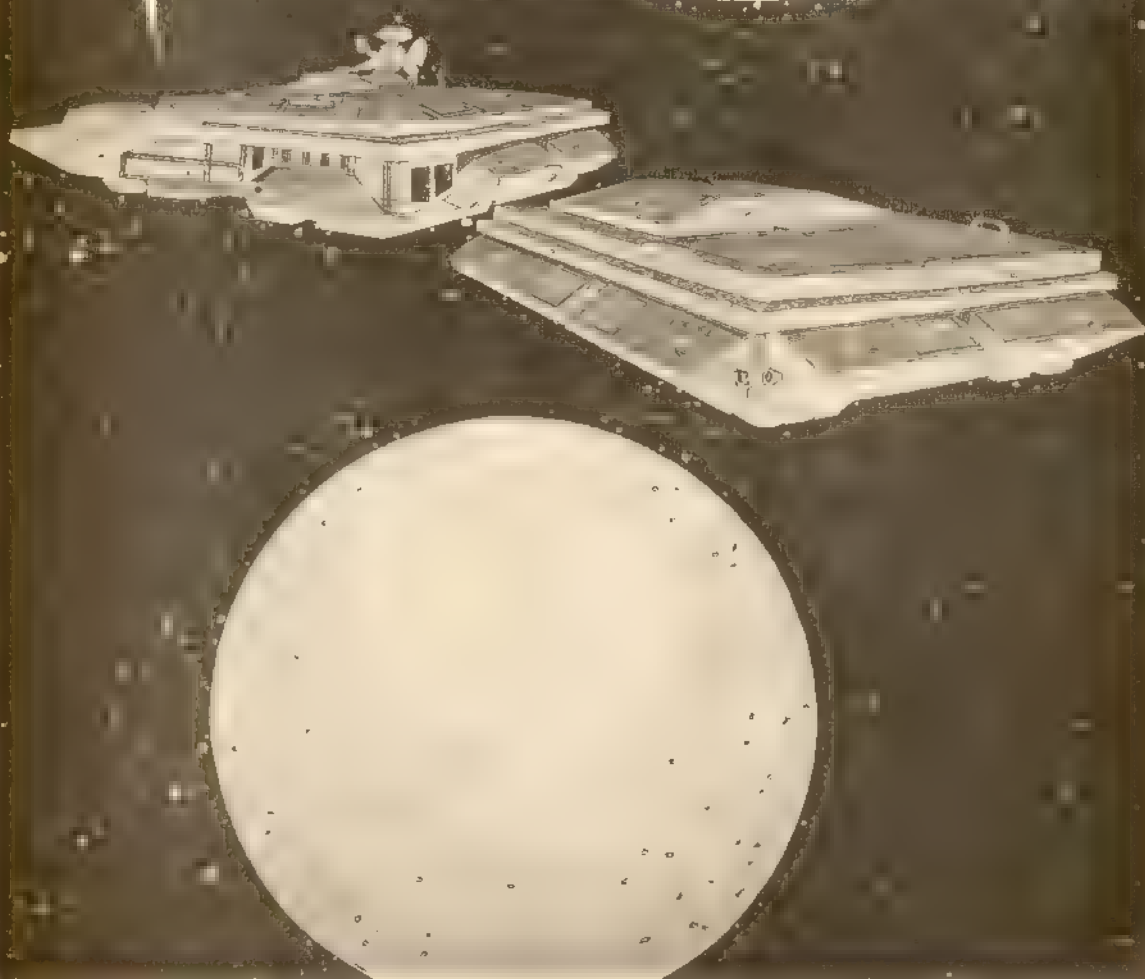
WHA-HOO!

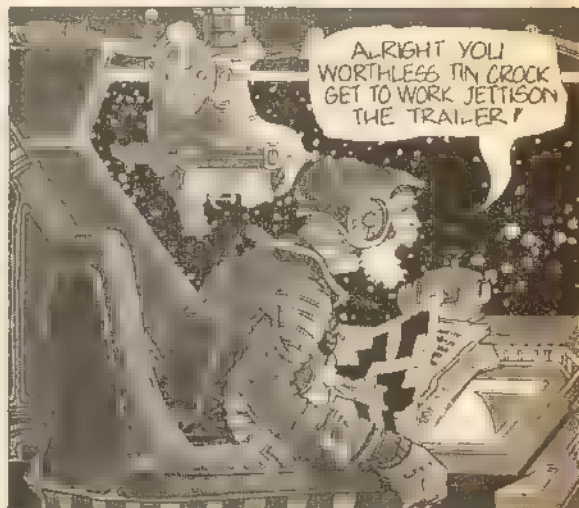
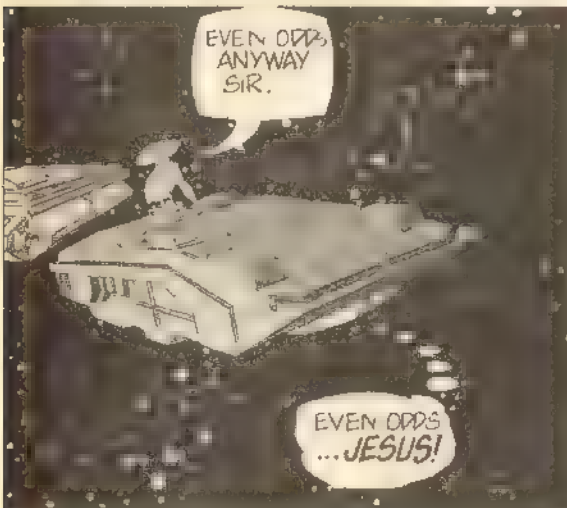
ISN'T THAT A
BEE-OUTFUL
SIGHT?!

HOT-DAMB!

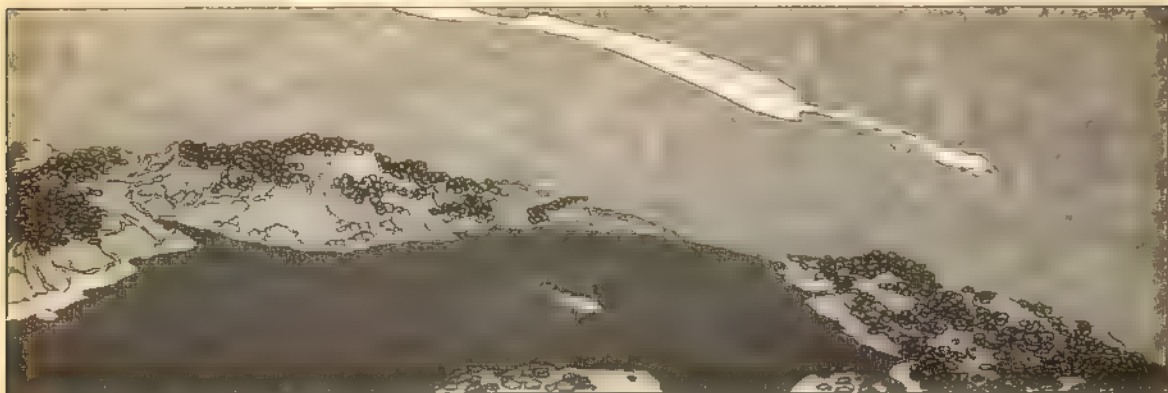
MY VERY OWN
UNCLAIMED
PLANET!!

YES SIR, A MOST
GRATIFYING
FIND INDEED...





OLD DOODLER MEGANICKEL WAS A SCAVENGER, ONE O' THEM INTERSTELLAR JUNKMEN..
AN UNCLAIMED PLANET WAS EVERY SCAVENGERS DREAM SO CRAZY OLD DOODLER WAS IN A
MIGHTY BIG RUSH TO GET DOWN AND EXPLORE "HIS" PLANET.



FACT IS HE BLEW HIS HEAT SHIELDS CLEAN OFF TRYIN' TO SLOW DOWN TO PLANETARY CRUISE SPEED!





AND IT'S ALL
MINE, RIGHT? THE
WHOLE FLAMIN'
THING IS **MINE!**



WHAT?

UH, YES SIR, BUT
BUT THERE'S SMOKE
DOWN THERE.

DOODLER WAS FIT TO BE
TIED! AFTER LANDIN' THE
BOAT HE WENT STOMPING
OVER TO WHERE THAT
THERE SMOKE CAME FROM

HEY!

WHAT IN THE
NAME O' ALL HELL
IS THE MEANIN'
OF THIS?

WHAT ARE YOU
DOIN' ON THIS HERE
GODDAM PLANET

THIS HERE.

WHAT THE



MY WORLD AND
I WELCOME
YOU STRANGER

THIS IS SUCH A
TREAT FOR US..
SUCH A TREAT
INDEED!

WHO ARE
YOU?

BETTER YET,
WHAT
ARE YOU?

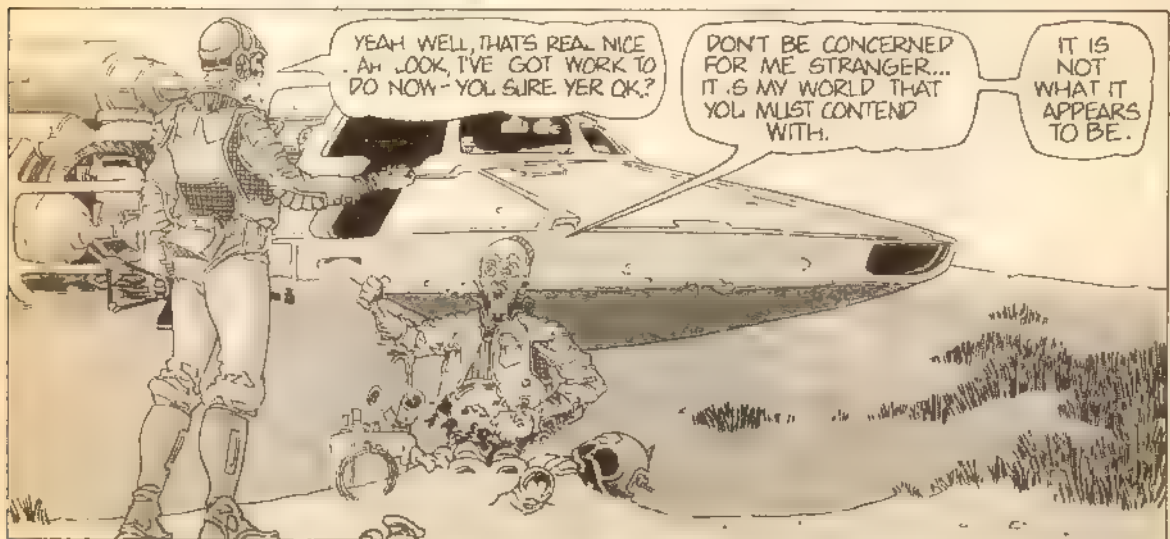
A MAN...
UNLIKE MOST,
I AM A MAN
WITH ROOTS!



I WAS ONCE A WANDERER
LIKE YOURSELF, BUT I HAVE
BEEN HERE A LONG TIME NOW..

.. AND AS YOU CAN
SEE I AM TRULY A
PART OF THIS WORLD.

WE'RE VERY
HAPPY
TOGETHER!



YEAH WELL, THAT'S REAL NICE
.. AH LOOK, I'VE GOT WORK TO
DO NOW - YOU SURE YER OK.?

DON'T BE CONCERNED
FOR ME STRANGER...
IT IS MY WORLD THAT
YOU MUST CONTEND
WITH.

IT IS
NOT
WHAT IT
APPEARS
TO BE.

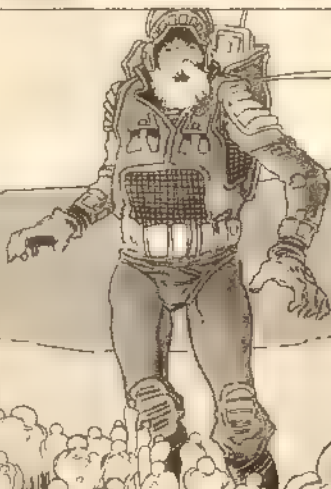
THAT OLD BUZZARD'S
GONE CLEAN OUT O'
HIS MIND... BEIN'
MARDOINED SO LONG.



LEAST WAYS HE
CAN'T INTERFERE IN THE
SHAPE HES IN... I BET
THERE'S ALL KINDS O'
GOODIES LYIN' AROUND
HERE JUST WAITIN'..

EH??

MALNOBIUM!!



OH YEAH?

I STRUCK IT RICH!
WHAAHOO! I'M RICH!
CRAZY STINKIN'
FILTHY RICH!

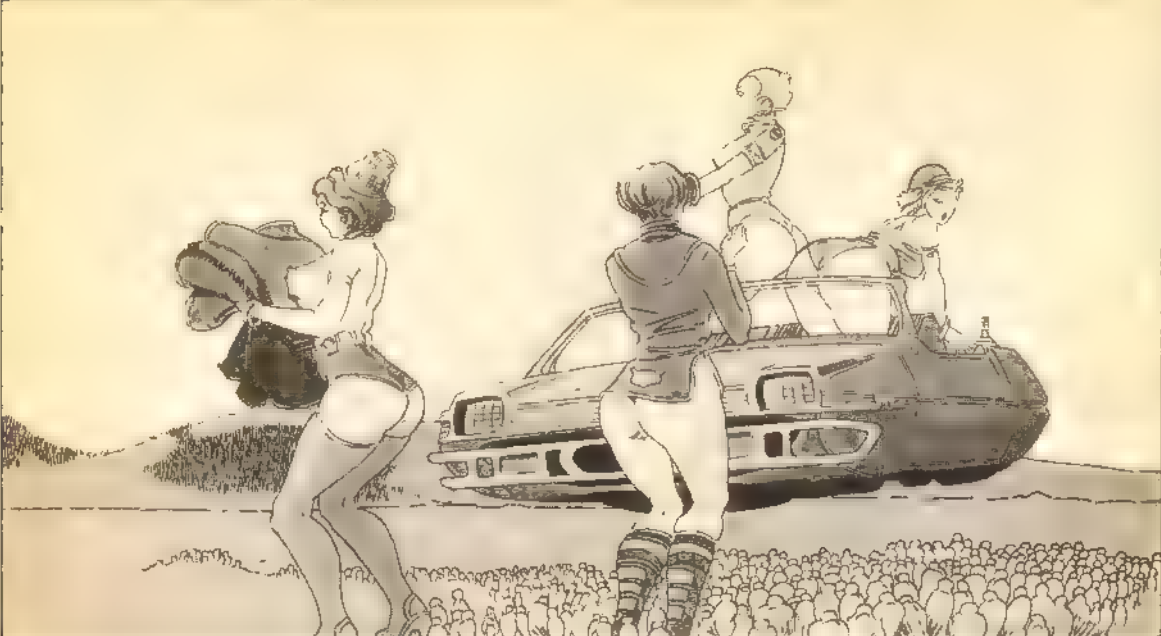
I CAN DO IT
ALL- CARS,
BOOZE,
WOMEN!...

LOTS O' WOMEN...
BIG ONES, LITTLE
ONES, ROUND...

HELLO THERE.



WHOZAT?



AS SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED
THEY BLEW AWAY. JUST LIKE
WOMEN AND RICHES REALLY.
AN' DOODLER WAS LEFT
PRETTY MUCH ALONE AND
CONFUSED.
BUT NOT FOR LONG.

THAT SON OF A BITCH!
THAT SCRAWNY CREEP-
IN THE GROUND'S IN
BACK OF THIS!

HE SAID THINGS WEREN'T
WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE-
BUT SHIT! HE'S PULLIN'
SOMETHIN OFF HERE!


I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
TALK CREEP Y'HEAR?

SURE COULD USE
ME A PACK-BIRD.

FIRST I'M GONNA FIND
OUT WHERE EVERY-
THING DISAPPEARS TO...

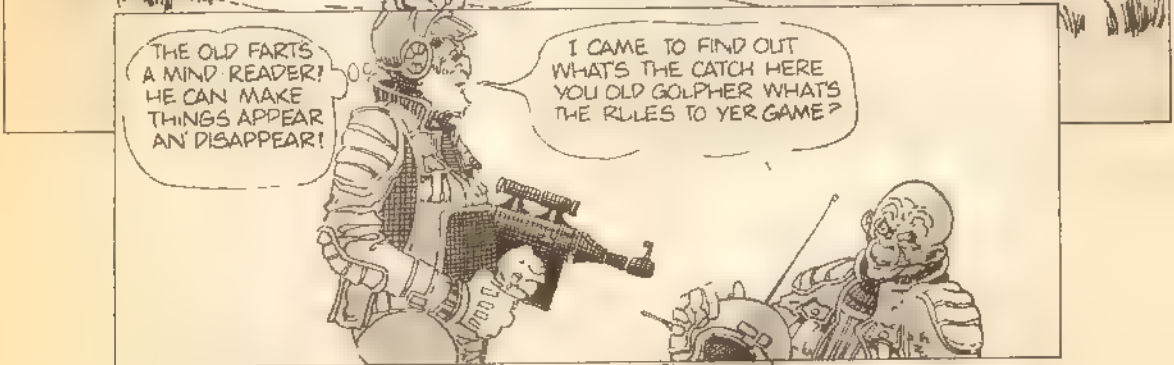
ALL MY DREAMS COME
TRUE. THEN POOF!
ALMOST LIKE..

OH GOD
ALMIGHTY.



A woman in a bikini and a large ostrich are standing over a soldier who is lying on the ground. The woman is holding a golf club. The soldier is wearing a helmet and a uniform. The ostrich is standing behind the woman.


AH YOU'VE COME FOR
YOUR BIRD DOODLER!
I THREW IN A LITTLE
HELPER FOR YOU TOO..
CHUCKLE!



A soldier in a helmet and a man in a suit are standing in a field. The soldier is holding a rifle. The man is holding a golf club. The soldier is looking at the man.

THE OLD FARTS
A MIND READER!
HE CAN MAKE
THINGS APPEAR
AN' DISAPPEAR!

I CAME TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S THE CATCH HERE
YOU OLD GOLFER WHAT'S
THE RULES TO YER GAME?

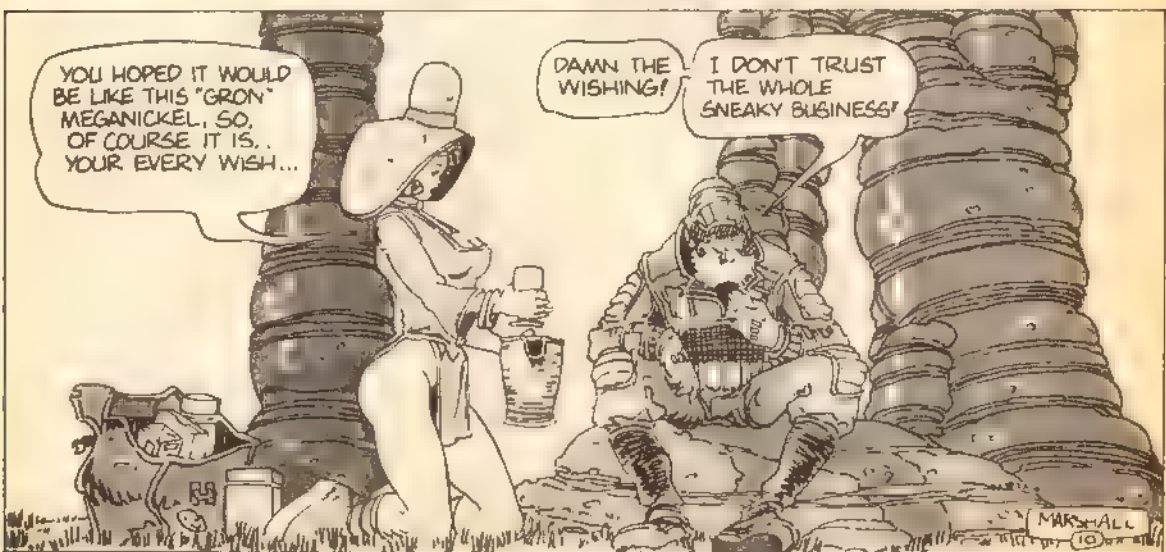
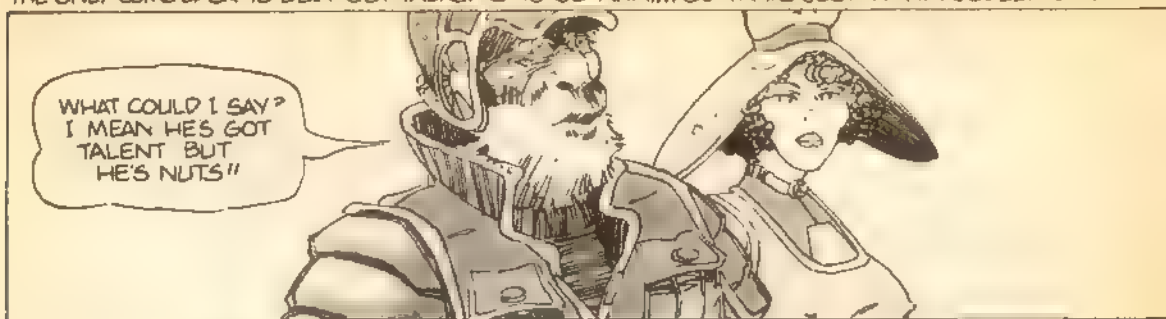


A close-up of a man's face. He has a large nose, a wide smile, and is looking directly at the viewer. He is wearing a suit and a tie.

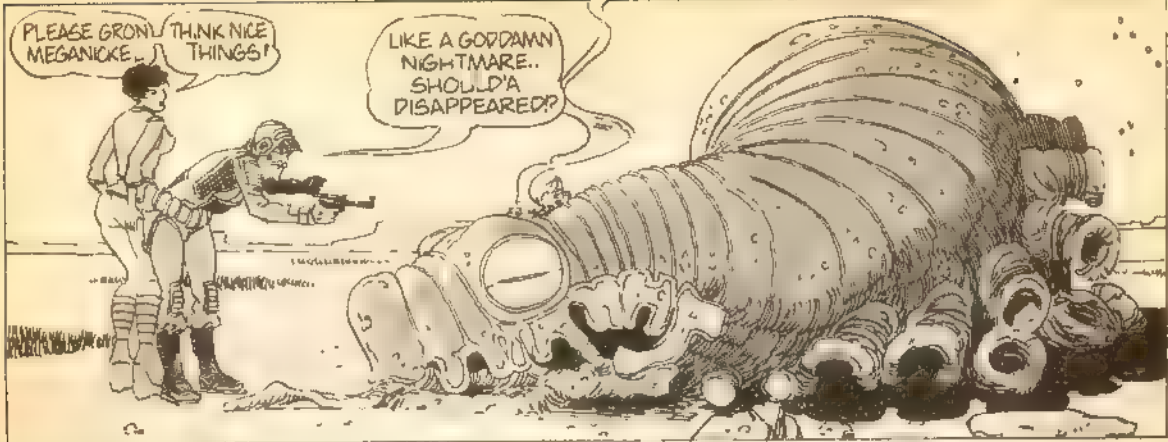
AH YES, BUT THAT'S IT
DOODLER...THAT'S THE CATCH!
THERE ARE NO RULES IN MY
WORLD. NOTHING IS
CONSTANT HERE.

SO GO ABOUT
YOUR WORK DOODLER
MEGANICKEL.. BUT TAKE
CARE-YOU MAY FIND ALL
THAT YOU WISH FOR...
AND MORE!!

AS IF OLD DOODLER MEGANICKEL KNEW ANYTHING-HE ALWAYS KNEW WHEN HE'D BEEN OUT-TALKED AND THE ONLY COME BACK TO BEIN' OUT-TALKED IS TO GO AWAY... SO THAT'S JUST WHAT DOODLER DID.

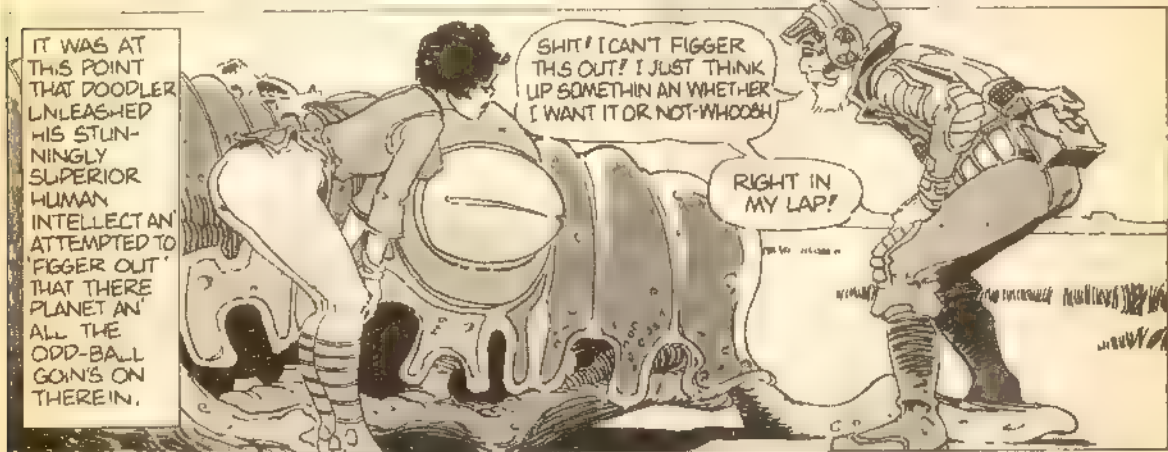






PLEASE GRON! THINK NICE THINGS! MEGANICKE

LIKE A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE.. SHOULD'A DISAPPEARED?



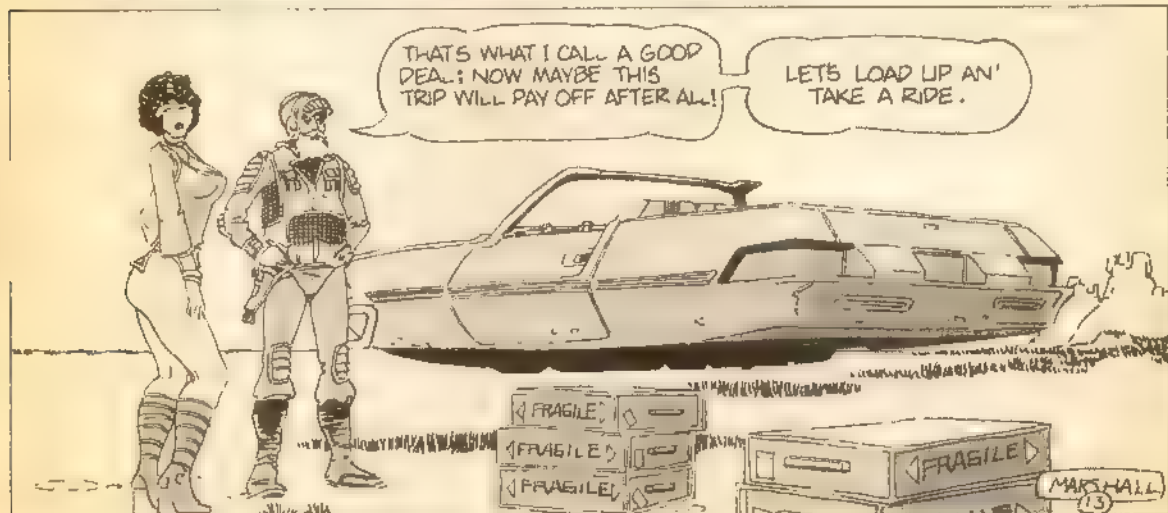
IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT DOODLER UNLEASHED HIS STUNNINGLY SUPERIOR HUMAN INTELLECT AN' ATTEMPTED TO 'FIGGER OUT' THAT THERE PLANET AN' ALL THE ODD-BALL GOIN'S ON THEREIN.

SHIT! I CAN'T FIGGER THIS OUT! I JUST THINK UP SOMETHIN AN' WHETHER I WANT IT OR NOT- WHOOSH

RIGHT IN MY LAP!



O K WHATEVER YOU ARE! I WANT SIX CASES OF REFINED MALNOBONITE EXTRACT, AND A GLIDE CAR- THEN DON'T PAY NO MORE ATTENTION TO MY WISHES OR MY THOUGHTS... GOT THAT!?



THATS WHAT I CALL A GOOD DEAL! NOW MAYBE THIS TRIP WILL PAY OFF AFTER ALL!

LET'S LOAD UP AN' TAKE A RIDE.

FRAGILE
FRAGILE
FRAGILE

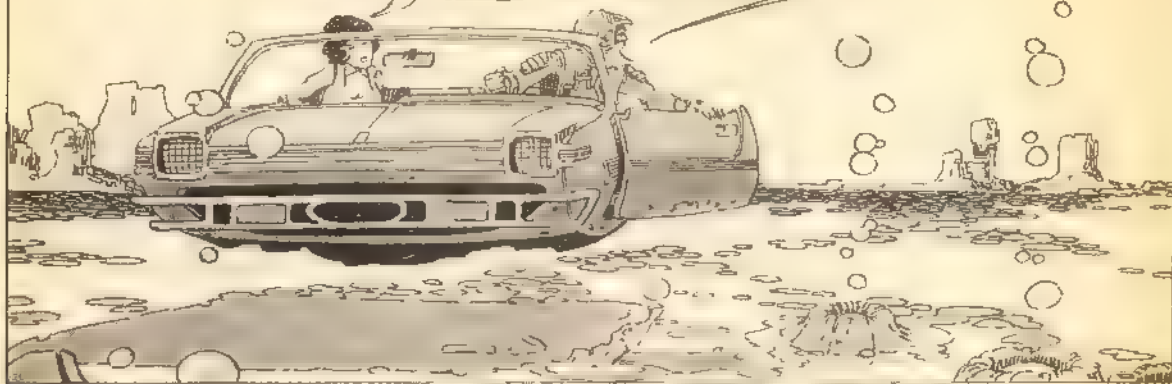
FRAGILE

HEY! WHERE'D EVERYTHING
GO!? WHERE ARE WE?

GRON MEGANICKEL
YOU JUST TOLD MY WORLD
TO IGNORE YOU..

THIS IS THE
WAY IT LOOKS
WHEN IT SLEEPS

THAT'S JUST
GREAT!!

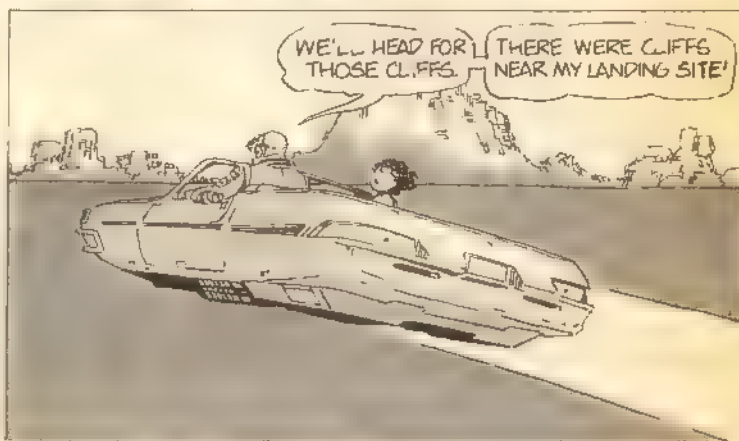


HOW IN THE BLOODY BLUE
HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO FIND
THE WAY BACK EVERYTHING'S
DIFFERENT!?



WE'LL HEAD FOR
THOSE CLIFFS.

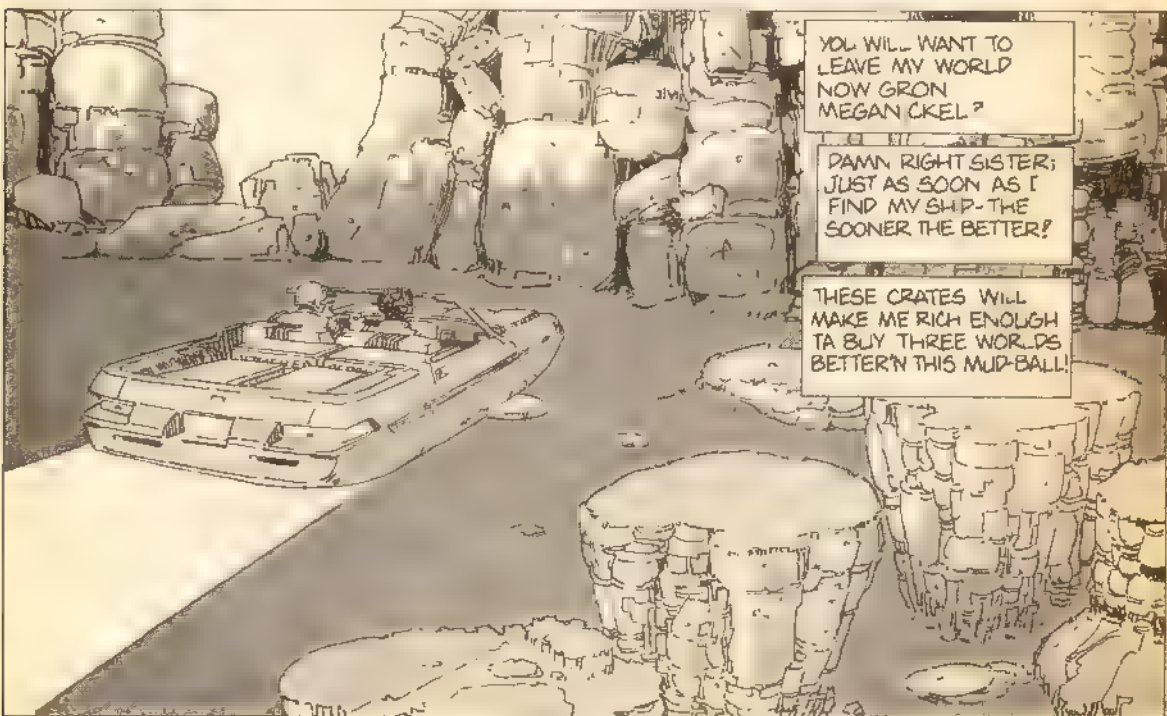
THERE WERE CLIFFS
NEAR MY LANDING SITE!




YOU WILL WANT TO
LEAVE MY WORLD
NOW GRON
MEGANICKEL?

DAMN RIGHT SISTER;
JUST AS SOON AS I
FIND MY SHIP- THE
SOONER THE BETTER!


THESE CRATES WILL
MAKE ME RICH ENOUGH
TA BUY THREE WORLDS
BETTER'N THIS MUD-BALL!





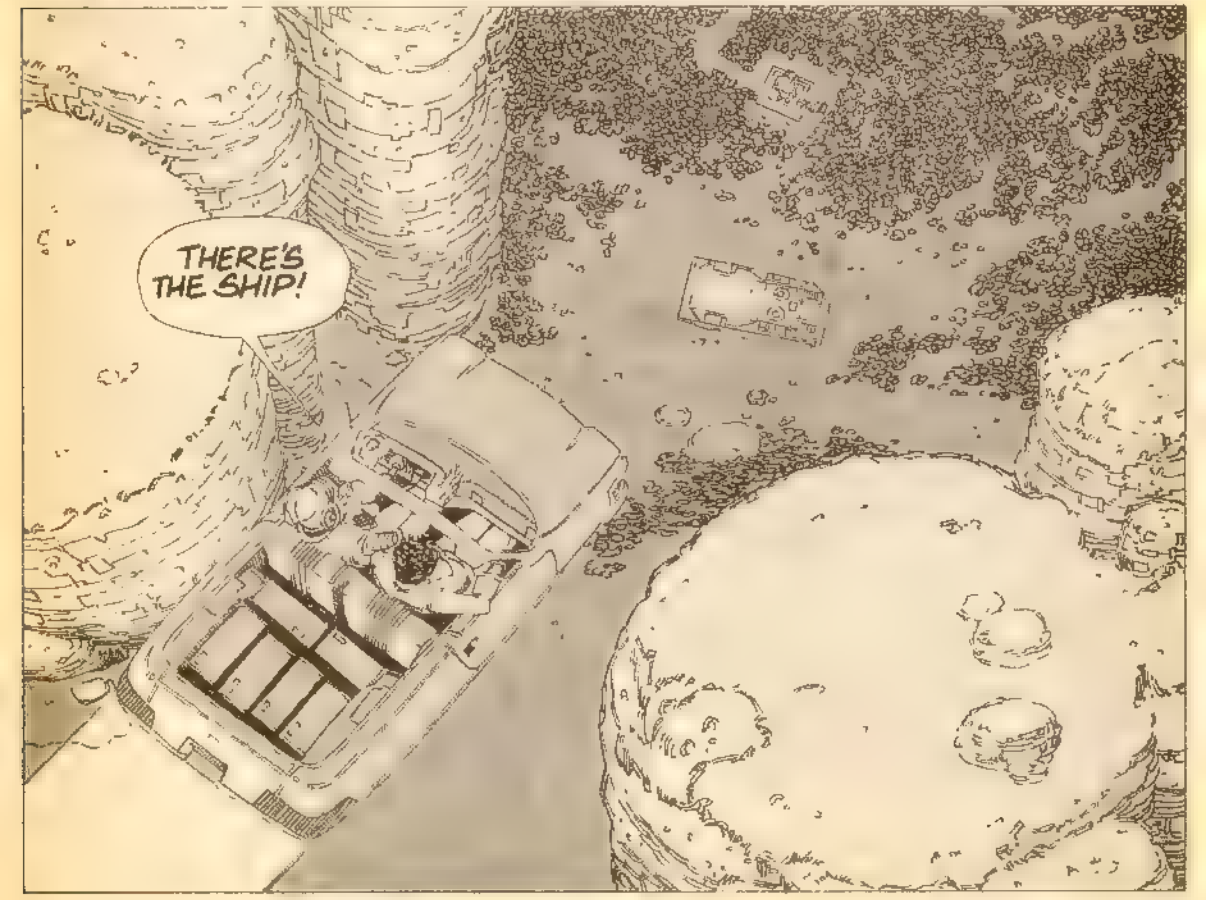
DO YOU HATE MY WORLD
GRON MEGANICKEL!
THAT YOU WANT TO
LEAVE IT SO SOON?

I DON'T HATE IT GIRL...
I JUST CAN'T FIGGER IT
OUT. I'M NOT COMFORTABLE
WITH THINGS THAT
APPEAR AN DISAPPEAR,
AN CHANGE SHAPE AN'
LIKE THAT.

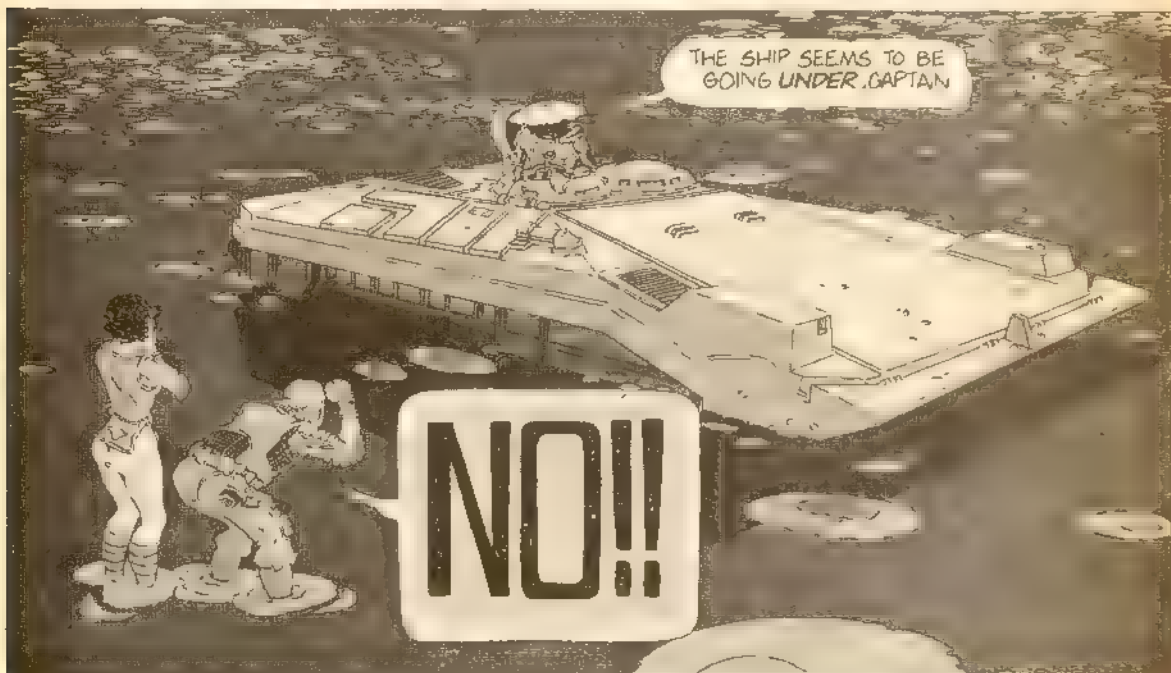
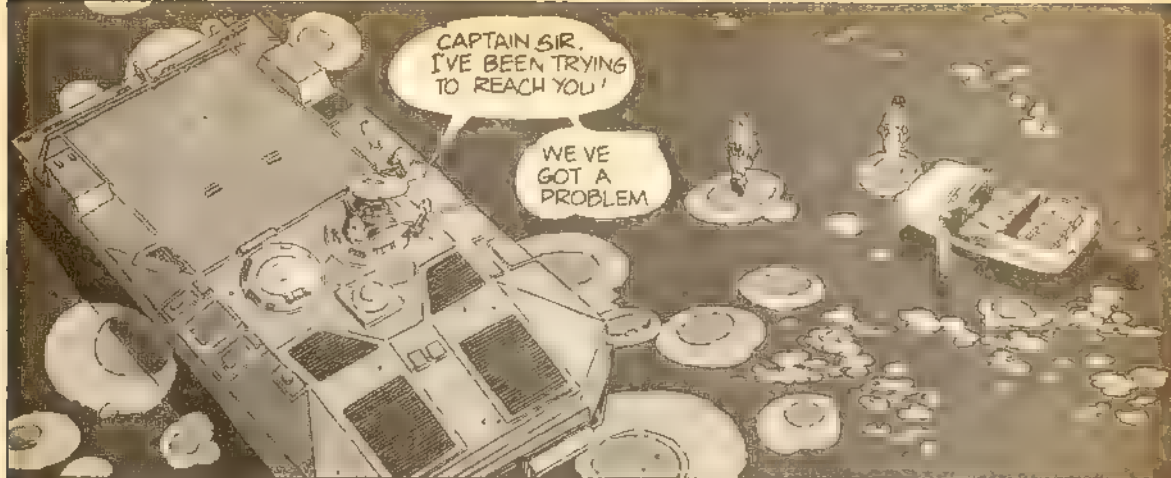


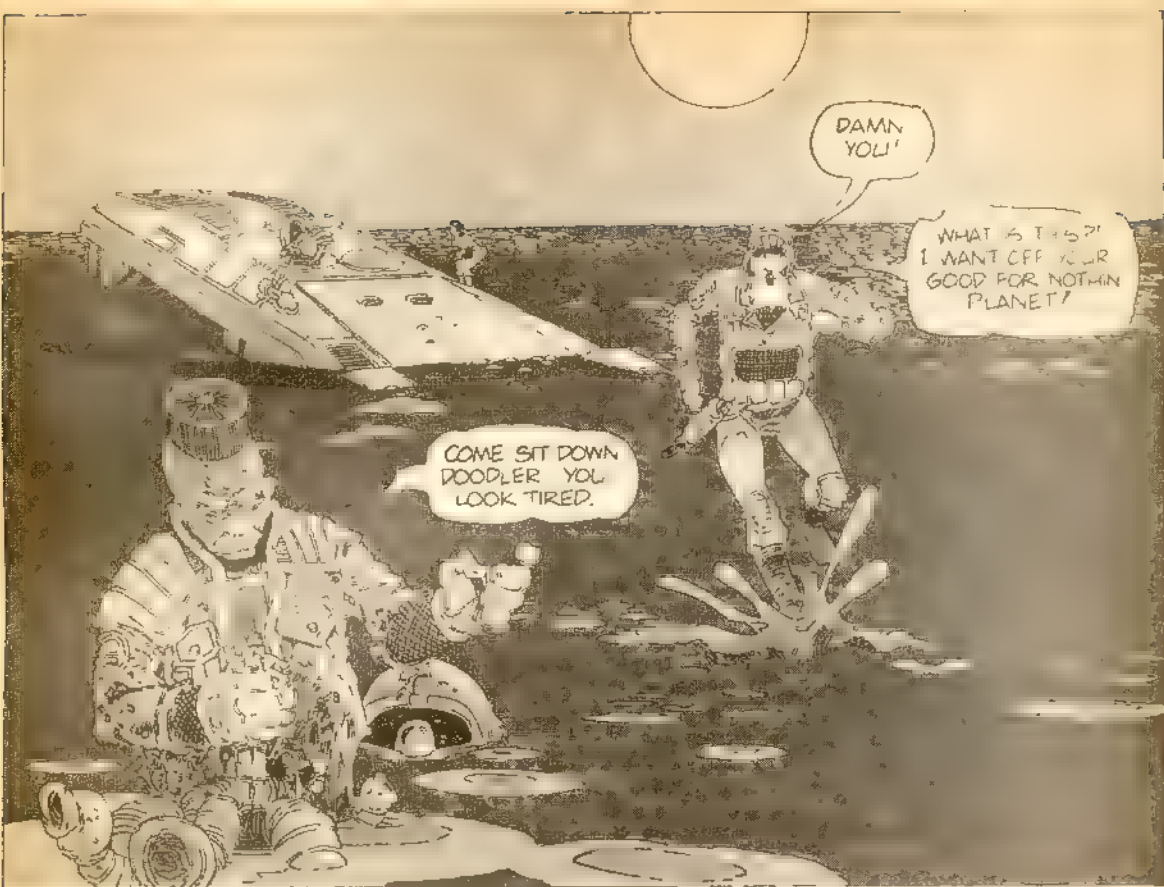
BUT MY WORLD
LIKES YOU! IT NEEDS
SOMEONE WITH
PICTURES FOR IT.

NOT A CHANCE
SWEETHEART-
THE LAST THING
I NEED IS TO
GET STUCK ON
THIS MIND-
SUCKIN'
PLANET!



THERE'S
THE SHIP!





DAMN YOU!

WHAT IS THIS?
I WANT OFF YOUR
GOOD FOR NOTHING
PLANET!

COME SIT DOWN
DOODLER YOU
LOOK TIRED.



I WISH I NEVER CAME HERE.
I WISH I WAS IN MY SHIP AND
NEVER HEARD O' YER
STINKIN' WORLD!!



YOU GAVE UP WISHING
REMEMBER?

BESIDES

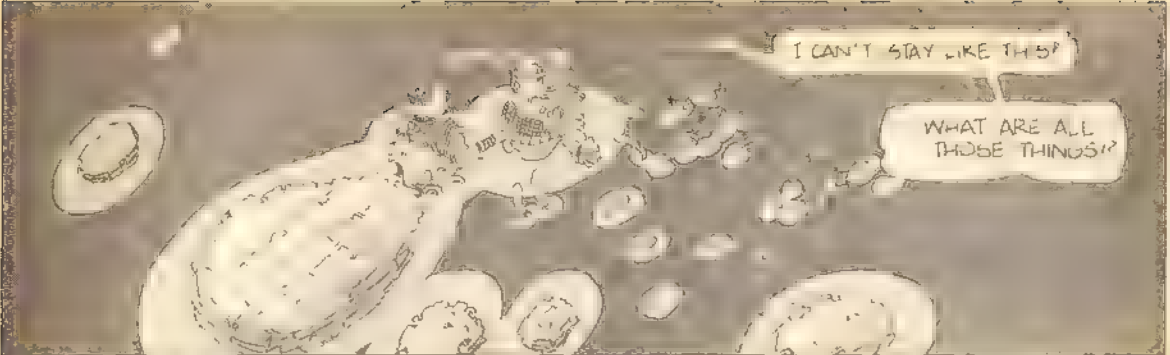
NNNNYAAAHHHH!!!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE STUCK
HERE, JUST LIKE ME.

LET ME OUTTA HERE!!

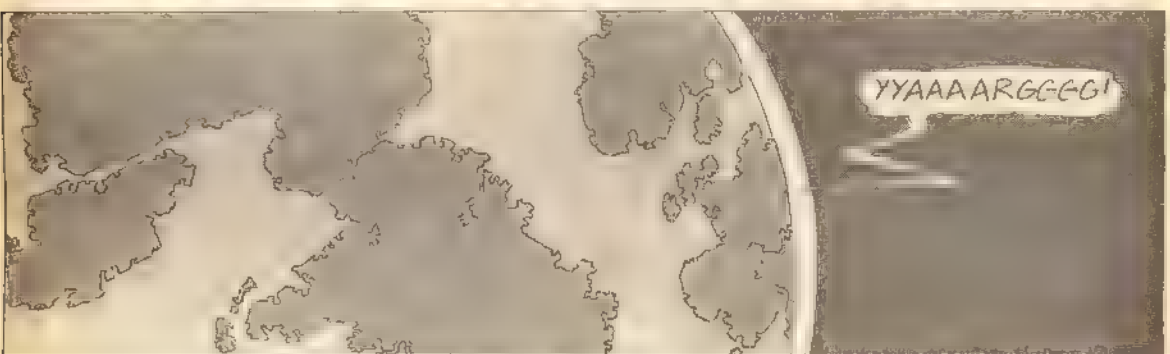
WHAD'YA MEAN
YOU CAN'T??

YOL FISHED ME INTO
THIS YOL GODDAM
BETTER GET ME OUT!!



I CAN'T STAY LIKE THIS!

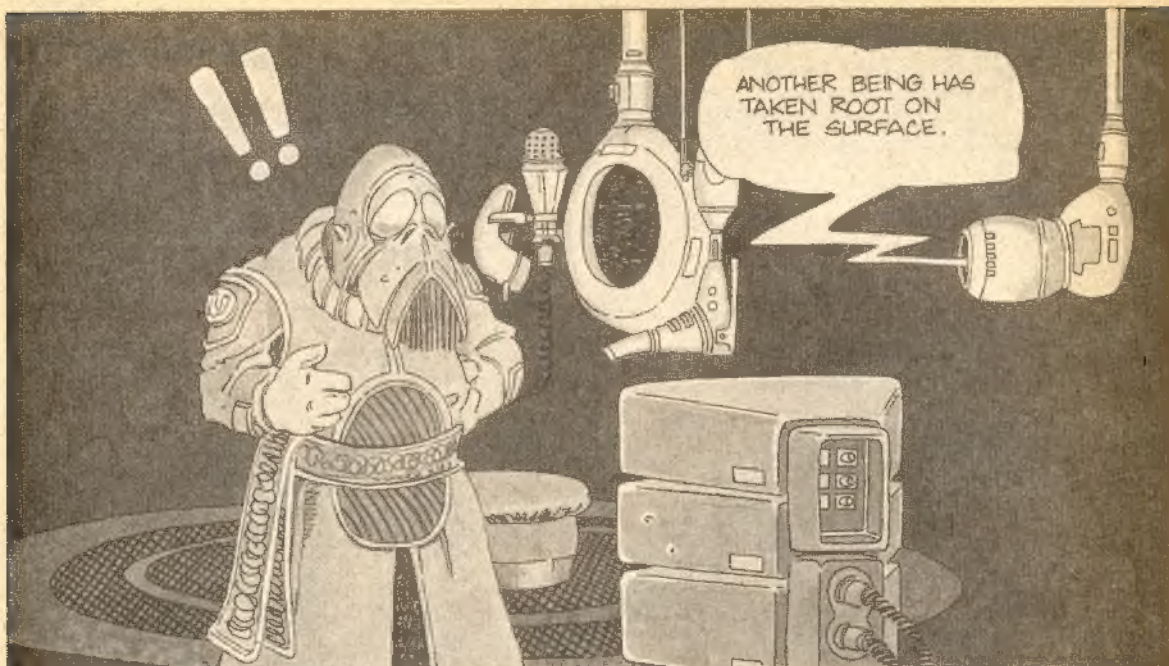
WHAT ARE ALL
THOSE THINGS?



YYAAAARGGGG!

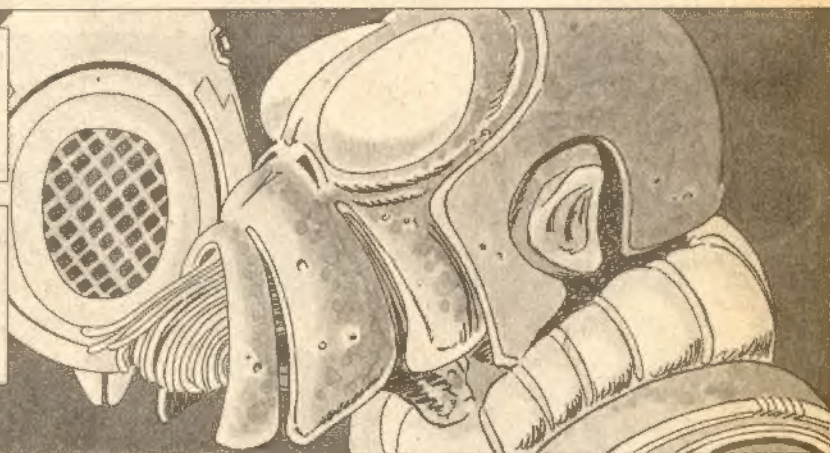


FAR DOWN IN THE PITS AT THE PLANET'S CORE...



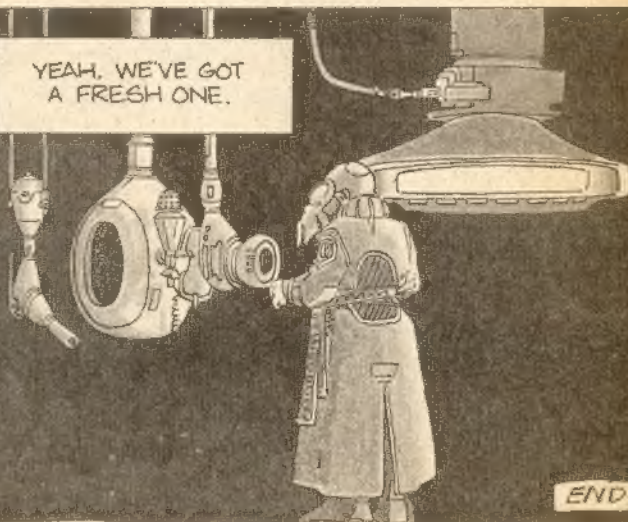
GOOD, GOOD, HOOK IT
UP AND START
MONITORING ITS
READ OUTS...

... AND WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT LET VID-PAK
KNOW WE HAVE A NEW
SOURCE OF PROGRAM
MATERIAL.



MAINTENANCE? RIGHT, GET A
GARDENER UP TOP AND PULL
OUT THE OLD MAN; HE'S
STARTING TO RAMBLE...

YEAH, WE'VE GOT
A FRESH ONE.



END

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ARIK KHAN



MARSHALL



Sir Real's

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Artists:

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Robert MacIntyre 2, 51

Dean Motter (editor) 3(e)

Tom Nesbitt 4

Arthur C. Clarke 5-30(s)

B. P. Nichol 5-30(story adaptation)

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Don Marshall 31-50, 52